

# Grant Hart, In A Cold House

Towering above the city  
The ghettos in the sky  
Concrete spires of isolation  
Forty stories high  
Fenced in by their own suspicions  
The people are afraid  
Crawl inside their cages  
Lock the door and pull the shade

In a cold house  
In a cold city  
In a cold cold cold cold world  
In a cold house  
In a cold city  
In a cold cold cold cold world  
In a cold cold world

Brightly coloured tenements  
So pleasing to the eye  
Glass and stainless steel enclosures  
Hid what we deny  
People are afraid to look  
Afraid what they will see  
Inside the illusion it's the same reality

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